MOTHER GOOSE

· *Illustrated by* ·

KATE GREENAWAY

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MOTHER GOOSE
or the
OLD NURSERY RHYMES

Illustrated by
• KATE GREENAWAY •

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K G.

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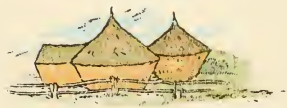


Hark! hark! the dogs bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags and some in tags,
And some in a silken gown.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown,
And some gave them a good horse-whip,
And sent them out of the town.

KG.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie ;
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,
And said, oh ! what a good boy am I.

K.G

There was an old woman
Lived under a hill ;
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

K.G

Diddlty, diddlty, dumpty,
The cat ran up the plum tree ,
Give her a plum, and down she'll come,
Diddlty, diddlty. dumpty

K.G

We're all jolly boys, and we're coming
with a noise,
Our stockings shall be made
Of the finest silk,
And our tails shall trail the ground.

K G.

To market, to market, to buy a plum cake,
Home again, home again, market is late ;
To market, to market, to buy a plum bun,
Home again, home again, market is done.

KG

Elsie Marley has grown so fine,
She won't get up to serve the swine;
But lies in bed till eight or nine.
And surely she does take her time.

Daffy-down-dilly has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.

KG

Jack Sprat could eat no fat.
His wife could eat no lean;
And so between them both,
They licked the platter clean.

K.G.

Lucy Locket, lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it ;
There was not a penny in it,
But a ribbon round it.

Cross Patch, lift the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin ;
Take a cup, and drink it up,
Then call your neighbours in.

K.G.

Johnny shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair ;
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon,
To tie up his bonny brown hair.

R.C

There was a little boy and a little girl
Lived in an alley ;
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"Shall I, oh, shall I ?"
Says the little girl to the little boy,
"What shall we do ?"
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"I will kiss you !"

KG

Draw a pail of water,
For my lady's daughter:
My father's a king, and my mother's a queen,
My two little sisters are dressed in green,
Stamping grass and parsley,
Marigold leaves and daisies.
One rush! two rush!
Pray thee, fine lady, come under my bush.

KG

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water ;
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

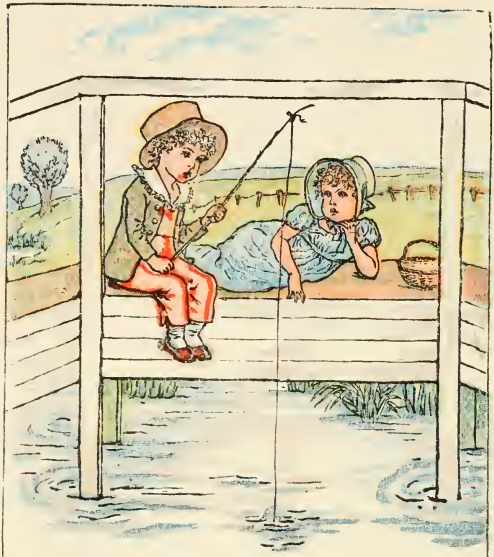
K.G

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them ;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

R. C.

Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
We'll all have tea.
Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
They're all gone away.

K.G



Little Tommy Tittlemouse,
Lived in a little house;
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches.

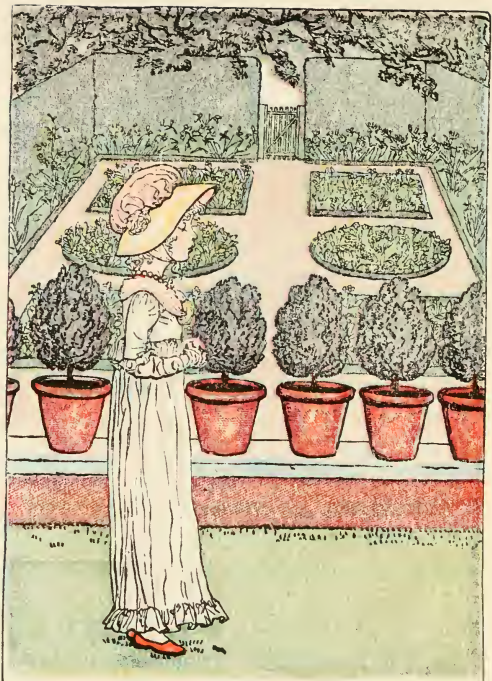
Tell Tale Tit,
Your tongue shall be slit ;
And all the dogs in the town
Shall have a little bit.

K.G

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Where shall I wander?
Up stairs, down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber:
There I met an old man,
Who would not say his prayers;
Take him by the left leg,
Throw him down the stairs.

KG

Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I will go with you, if I may.
I'm going to the meadow to see them a mowing,
I'm going to help them make the hay.



Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells, and cockle sheils,
And cowslips all of a row.

KG

Bonny lass, pretty lass, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes,
Nor yet serve the swine;
Thou shalt sit on a cushion, and sew a
fine seam,
And thou shalt eat strawberries, sugar,
and cream!

A dillar, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar ;
What makes you come so soon ?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon !

Little Betty Blue,
Lost her holiday shoe.
What will poor Betty do?
Why, give her another,
To match the other,
And then she will walk in two.

K.G

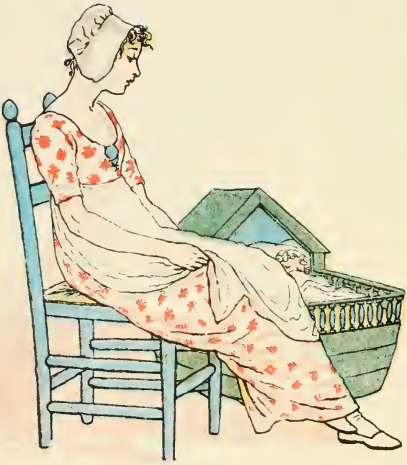
Billy boy blue, come blow me your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's
in the corn;
Is that the way you mind your sheep,
Under the haycock fast asleep!

Girls and boys come out to play,
The moon it shines as bright as day;
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
And come to your playmates in the street;
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will, or come not at all;
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny loaf will serve us all.

Here am I, little jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me,
I'm always alone.

Ride a cock-horse,
To Banbury-cross,
To see little Johnny
Get on a white horse.

K.G



Rock-a-bye baby,
Thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman,
Mother's a queen.
And Betty's a lady,
And wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer,
And drums for the king.

Little Tom Tucker,
He sang for his supper.
What did he sing for?
Why, white bread and butter.
How can I cut it without a knife?
How can I marry without a wife?

Little Miss Muffet,
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating some curds and whey;
There came a great spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

KG

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.

See-Saw-Jack in the hedge,
Which is the way to London Bridge?

Little lad, little lad,
Where wast thou born?
Far off in Lancashire,
Under a thorn;
Where they sup sour milk
From a ram's horn.

As I was going up Pippin Hill,
Pippin Hill was dirty;
There I met a sweet pretty lass,
And she dropped me a curtsey.

KO.

Little maid, little maid,
Whither goest thou?
Down in the meadow
To milk my cow.

My mother, and your mother,
Went over the way :
Said my mother, to your mother,
"It's chop-a-nose day."

K.G.

All around the green gravel,
The grass grows so green,
And all the pretty maids are fit to be seen;
Wash them in milk,
Dress them in silk,
And the first to go down shall be married.

K.G.

One foot up, the other foot down,
That's the way to London town.

Georgie Peorgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the girls begin to play,
Georgie Peorgie runs away.

K.G.

As Tommy Snooks, and Bessie Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday;
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessie Brooks,
"To-morrow—will be Monday."

K.G

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
He learnt to play when he was young,
He with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased all the girls and boys.

V.G

Ring-a-ring-a-roses,
A pocket full of posies ;
Hush ! hush ! hush ! hush !
We're all tumbled down.

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